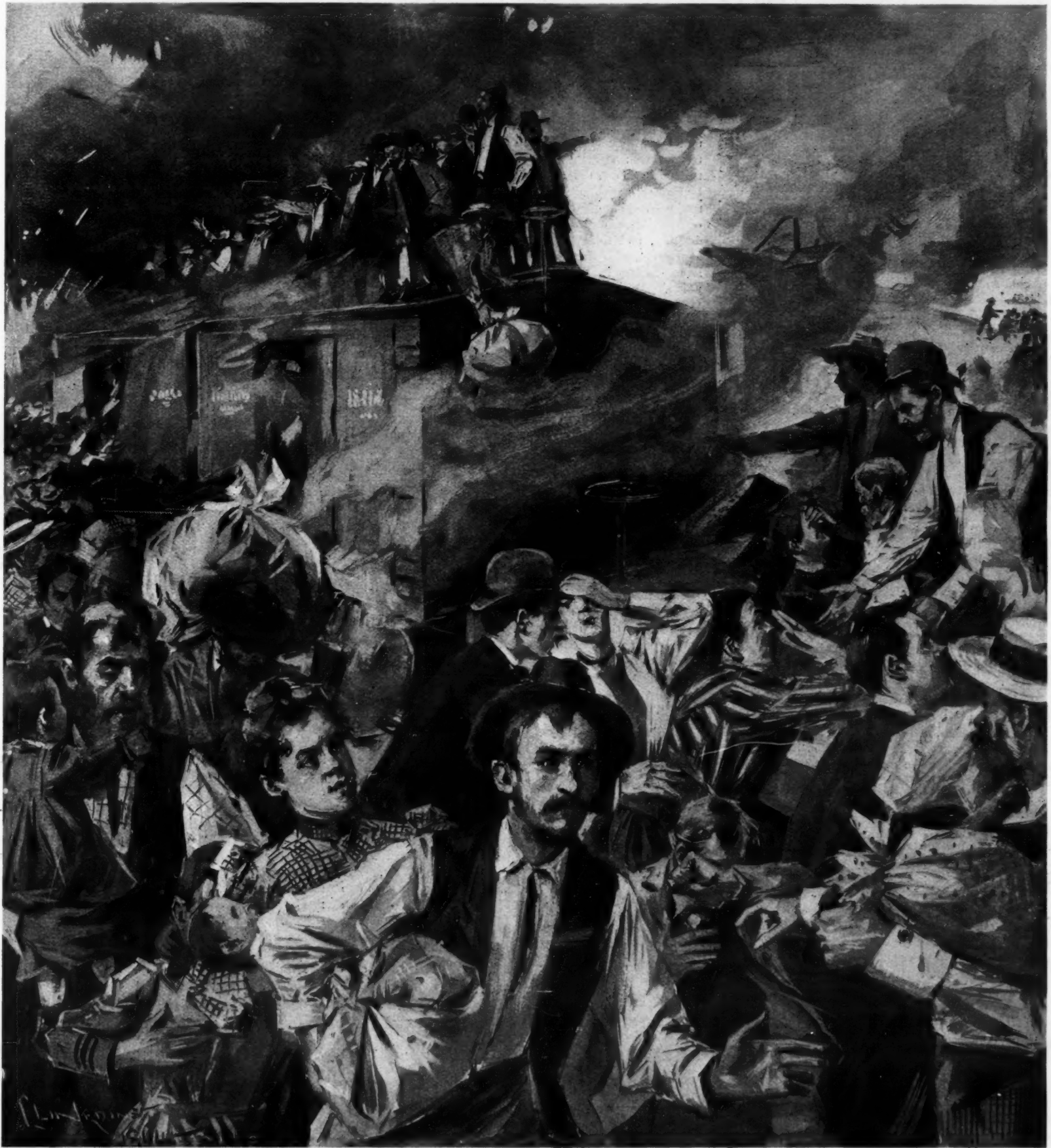


LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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"The fire came so suddenly that the inhabitants had to rush for shelter to freight cars which happened to be within reach, with only the clothes they had on their backs. A switch-engine pulled the cars down the line to a place of safety, and everybody escaped except three families who became crazed and ran directly in front of the advancing fire. They were driven to the little lake, and took refuge in a floating boat-house, which they tried to push across the lake. The draught of the fire drew it back toward the fire. Then the party, thirteen in number, took to three small boats. The saw-logs in the lake caught fire, and in their efforts to sprinkle themselves with water the occupants capsized the boat. All were drowned except one—a woman, who was found the next morning clinging to an upturned boat. She was unconscious, and clinging to her neck was her dead babe."

THE TOWN OF PHILLIPS, WISCONSIN, OBLITERATED BY A FOREST FIRE—THE ENDANGERED INHABITANTS FLYING BEFORE THE FLAMES.
DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST FROM A SKETCH BY F. DOUGHERTY.—[SEE PAGE 105.]
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Special Notice.

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ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY.

Harmony for the Sake of the Spoils.

HERE is an obvious effort on the part of the Democratic leaders of this State to "get together." They realize that unless existing antagonisms can be appeased, success in the coming election will be impossible. There must be conciliation and compromise, at whatever cost of consistency or of principle. In this city this tendency is apparent in the expressions of prominent anti-Tammanites, which justify the belief that that immaculate organization is preparing to enter into business relations with Tammany. On the other hand, there is good reason to believe that Tammany would not be unwilling to effect such an alliance, and might even consent to support Mr. William R. Grace for mayor of the city, if thereby the party could retain its hold upon the offices in the city and State. Some recent utterances of Mayor Gilroy and of Mr. Grace, made on the eve of his departure for Europe, give color to this suspicion. Mr. Grace, like Mr. Croker, is first and foremost a politician. He is never disturbed by considerations of principle or by conscientious scruples of any sort. He has denounced Tammany as the sum of all villainies, and clamored vehemently for its overthrow as essential to the public welfare; he has posed as a reformer of exceptional purity of purpose, but he has never for one instant forgotten the interests of William R. Grace, nor ceased to covet official place and power. To a great many people it will seem incredible that Tammany should ever be reconciled to so violent and vindictive an enemy; but Tammany is capable of any inconsistency where its immediate interests are concerned. Besides that, it is always adroit in seizing opportunities as they come. In 1886, when the County Democracy were fighting it tooth and nail, it deliberately made Mr. A. S. Hewitt (a County Democrat) the party candidate for mayor, and so saved the party from defeat, and in the end repaid itself tenfold for its apparent sacrifice. It would not be at all singular if it should now repeat this experiment.

The low estate into which the Democratic party has fallen in this State is well illustrated by these disreputable intrigues of the party leaders. Some of these men make pretensions to uprightness of character and cleanliness of life. They are conspicuous in affairs; they are prominently identified with our commercial, financial, and benevolent enterprises; they would resent indignantly any imputation upon their personal honor. And yet, here they are consorting with partisan thieves and vagabonds, prepared to condone the whole catalogue of atrocities by which the city and State have been held in vassalage to a corrupt and villainous oligarchy—the oligarchy which stole the Legislature of 1892, which has plundered the electors of many of our cities of the right of self-government, which perpetrated a shameless gerrymander of the State in furtherance of partisan ambitions, and even extended its protection to assassins acting in obedience to the inspiration of ruffians socially higher than themselves. And all this disreputable intriguing, this sacrifice of principle and self-respect, has no higher end than the perpetuation of the vicious control which these Democratic purists have for two years or more vigorously denounced. Every consideration of principle must be subordinated to the necessity of again defeating the people in their demand for reform. When we see men like William C. Whitney, Charles S. Fairchild, and others like them, who rank high in the party leadership, getting down into the filth and mire of partisanship, and disporting with the swine who wallow there, we may well conclude that a party which in its influences and tendencies contributes to a moral decadence so lamentable, and which has in it no place for high civic courage or fidelity to principle, is absolutely and hopelessly degenerate.

It is simply impossible, no matter what combinations

may be effected or to what extent existing dissensions may be allayed, that the Democratic party in New York, led thus disreputably, and animated by no higher purpose than that which it now manifests, can make a successful appeal to the electorate. It will find that straightforward integrity of action and conscientious fidelity to principle and the highest public interests count for more with the people than stratagem, intrigue, or the most astute partisan management.

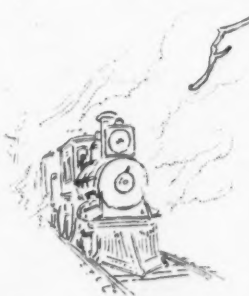
Mgr. Satolli's Anti-saloon Decree.



THE agitation in Roman Catholic circles over the recent decision of Monsignor Satolli condemning the liquor traffic and approving the exclusion from the church of all persons engaged in it deepens in intensity with the lapse of time. On the one hand it is insisted that the decision applies only to the diocese of Columbus, while on the other it is maintained that it is of universal application and must be literally obeyed by all good Catholics. Archbishop Corrigan, who was challenged by the organ of the liquor-dealers to express his opinion, has done so in a letter in which he assents explicitly to the principle of the decision, and thus commits himself, as occasion may arise, to its enforcement. In the Western States, where the temperance sentiment is more pronounced and aggressive than in the East, the monsignor's action has been hailed by Catholics with peculiar satisfaction. At the recent annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, an enthusiastic indorsement was given to the decision, and this was emphasized by electing Bishop Watterson, who first put under ban all societies having liquor-dealers in their membership, as president of the union. Bishop Ireland, who has been a conspicuous worker in the field of temperance reform, in addressing the union, denounced the saloon with great vehemence as "the den of corrupt politics, the enemy of all good," and expressed the hope that the day would soon come "when the name of no Catholic shall be seen above the portals" of a place so "laden with blasphemy and sensuality."

The objectors to Monsignor Satolli's decision evidently entertain a hope that the Pope will not give it his approval, but there is no apparent basis for this expectation. The Papal delegate is likely to know the mind of his chief, and what he says on any important question is undoubtedly spoken intelligently and authoritatively. The belief that this is the fact in the present instance would seem to be corroborated by a statement of Bishop Ireland that on two occasions the Pope had given him express and unqualified indorsement of the movement in this country looking to the promotion of temperance and the restraint of the liquor traffic. It is of course to be expected that the rule now laid down will be violently resisted by a large and heretofore influential element in the church; there may be, moreover, in some quarters, a merely perfunctory enforcement, or for a time no enforcement at all, of the decree; but we suspect that in the long run those who set themselves defiantly against it will be beaten, and that sooner or later the principle which it embodies will become the law of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States.

The Fire-swept West.



EW persons in the East have any conception of the enormous losses which are sustained almost every summer by prairie and forest fires in the West. The present season has been one of exceptional disaster. In Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Kansas, and South Dakota the protracted drought had dried everything to the condition of tinder, and the furnace-like southwest winds fanned any chance blaze into a fiery tornado. While Illinois, Iowa, and Kansas have suffered largely in the destruction of timber and crops, the visitation has been most severe in Wisconsin, the whole northwestern part of the State having been covered for weeks by clouds of smoke from burning towns and forests. Phillips, one of the most thriving lumbering cities in Wisconsin, and the county seat of Price County, is a blackened waste, but twenty-seven out of seven hundred buildings remaining. Twelve persons lost their lives in the burning of this town. The White River Lumber Company's plant at Mason, eighteen miles southwest of Ashland, was destroyed, entailing a loss of over seven hundred thousand dollars, and the village of Shores Crossing, across Chequamegon Bay from Ashland, was totally "wiped out," as the phrase is in the West. It was near here that a freight train of sixteen cars went through a burning bridge and was destroyed, the train crew escaping by taking refuge upon logs in the bay. Many "homesteaders," occupying rudely-built cabins in the midst of

small clearings, have been obliged to abandon their homes and crops to the flames, thankful to escape with life, while some have fallen victims to the destroyer in their mad flight through the burning forests.

The operation of the railroads in this fire-swept country was extremely hazardous. The lines often stretch for fifty or a hundred miles or more through swamp and forest or across unbroken prairie, with the tall trees meeting overhead, or the long grass sweeping up to the single thread of track. The engineer, blinded by smoke and scorched by heat, is obliged to trust to his own judgment, his last telegraph instructions, and to Providence. Property and lives are in his keeping when to advance seems certain death and to retreat is impossible. He may dash successfully through flaming timber, rush over tottering bridges to safety beyond, or may plunge into a fiery wreck, as at Ashland Crossing. Indeed, the wonder is that disasters on the rail from forest fires have not been more frequent and fatal than have been reported, and the result reflects great credit on the brave men upon whom the safe running of the trains depends.

The money loss as so far reported by our Chicago correspondent, is as follows:

Belle Plain, Iowa.....	\$450,000	Phillips, Wisconsin.....	\$750,000
Brooklyn, Iowa.....	100,000	Shores Crossing.....	10,000
Fort Wayne, Iowa (oil works).....	60,000	South Dakota.....	50,000
Ottumwa, Iowa.....	30,000	Washington.....	125,000
Bonaparte.....	21,000	Prairie fires, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa.....	100,000
Celina, Ohio.....	150,000	Forest fires in Michigan.....	25,000
Chenoa, Illinois.....	600,000	Homesteaders.....	250,000
Colona, Illinois.....	15,000	Railroads.....	75,000
Oshkosh, Wisconsin (dum-berry).....	20,000		
Mason, Wisconsin.....	1,000,000	Total.....	\$4,010,000

These losses, apparently in some instances inconsiderable, falling generally upon the producers themselves and small farmers and shopkeepers, must occasion considerable distress in the regions swept by the fires. Train-loads of provisions and other supplies were promptly sent to the afflicted people from Chicago and Milwaukee, and every effort is making to place the homeless population beyond the reach of want before the approach of winter. Meanwhile it might be worth while to consider if some more fire-proof method of construction than that generally adopted is not feasible, even where timber is more plentiful than stone.

Concerning the Summer Girl.



WHEN the hot weather vacations begin we hear a great deal about the summer girl. A stranger only a little acquainted with our flippant speech and the ways and methods of our minor poets and less serious artists, could be easily persuaded that the summer girl was a kind of human annual that bloomed for one season and was no more. But all of us who have acquaintance with her know full well that the summer girl, like the winter girl or the girl of either of the other seasons, is only a charming creature put upon the earth to make it lovelier and more pleasant. Some cheap wits represent her as having an inordinate appetite for ice-cream, and a fancy only for the men who will gratify that craving. But the witticisms of this nature are mere libels, too silly to contradict or bother with. They defeat themselves, and are believed in by neither healthy men nor wholesome boys. It should be a mark of distinction and not a reproach to care for ice-cream in the dog-days. But we did not mean to defend the summer girl on this count in the witless indictment against her.

Indeed, we do not mean to defend her at all. As Daniel Webster said of his State, in the reply to the onslaught of Hayne, "She needs none. There she stands; look at her." And she is surely well to look upon, whether she be skipping over the tennis-court, idling with a croquet-mallet, or lazily lying in a hammock beneath the maple-trees. If she were not so alluring, so inviting as a spectacle, so captivating as a contemplation, we should not hear so much of the summer girl. If she were not as she is no one would have taken the trouble to slander her, no one would have been at the pains to distinguish her from the girls of other seasons. But she is different, though the same, and that is not as much of a paradox as it seems. In the vacation time all nature invites us to be relaxed, to unbend a little, to cast aside to a small extent the rules of convention. This the summer girl does with an ease and a grace that only one man in a thousand can imitate, and it is because of her gift for adaptability, her capacity to respond to the invitation of nature, that she is what she is, and this is also why we pause for a moment to give praise to her and to all that contributes to her well-being.

Travelers in England have observed that the women seen in the British cities were more awkwardly and unbecomingly dressed than any women in the world. The same travelers have also observed that these same women, when clad in wash-stuffs—calico and the like—are the trimmest and the freshest-looking people to be seen in Europe. These observations are entirely true, and, to a limited degree and in a reverse way, apply to our women at home. In the winter-time they are the most becomingly dressed women in the world; that is, becomingly

dressed for the winter, but in the summer the transformation made by wash dresses is almost as great as that just remarked in the English women. But our girls now become not merely the trimmest and freshest-looking people according to any European standard, but the loveliest creatures in all the wide world. And what is more, they are usually as good as they are beautiful, with minds as wisely furnished as their shapely bodies are tastefully arrayed. Out on the lout who would decry our charming summer girl! May he never win the smiles of a single one of all the charming type—and we can think of no more severe and fitting punishment. Wherever she is—in the country, in the mountains, at the seaside, on the front stoop of starry nights, close to the city pavement—we would not have her other than she is, "for nature made her what she is and ne'er made such another."

But she should not chew gum!

The American Association for the Advancement of Science.



DR. DANIEL G. BRINTON.

DURING the present week the American Association for the Advancement of Science is holding its forty-third meeting in the adjacent city of Brooklyn. Under its present name this association dates back to 1849, when, under the presidency of William C. Redfield, of New York, it met in Philadelphia, succeeding the American Association of Geologists and Naturalists, which in its turn was a revival and continuation of the American Geological Society, organized in 1819 at Yale College. This date would make it the fifth oldest scientific body in the United States.

The constitution defines its objects to be "by periodical and migratory meetings to promote intercourse between those who are cultivating science in different parts of America; to give a stronger and more general impulse and more systematic direction to scientific research; and to procure for the labors of scientific men increased facilities and a wider usefulness." Like its great prototype, the British Association for the Advancement of Science, it is divided into sections, each of which is presided over by an officer who ranks as a vice-president of the association.

The president of the association is Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, the eminent ethnologist, who fills the chair of American linguistics and archaeology in the University of Pennsylvania, and the author and editor of numerous books on his specialty, including the "Library of Aboriginal American Literature." He succeeds Professor William Harkness, the able astronomer, who for so many years has been connected with the United States Naval Observatory in Washington, and whose computations of the results of the transits of Venus won for him a high rank in his profession. It is the function of the president to preside over the general meetings of the association and to deliver a retiring address. By a curious regulation it is common to find three presidents at each meeting—the retiring president, who resigns his office at the first general meeting, and who delivers his address, usually on the second evening of the meeting; the actual president, and the president-elect, who is chosen on the day before adjournment.

The association has a membership of upward of two thousand, including representatives of all sciences, and among these have always been the foremost men of science of the time in this country. In the welcoming address, delivered by President Barnard of Columbia College in 1887, he said: "It was your Gilliss who created our national observatory; your Davis who founded the American nautical ephemeris; your Mitchel who left so brilliant a mark upon American astronomy; your Watson who gathered up a score or more of eccentric celestial stragglers of the anomalous group of so-called planetoids; your Hare who began that course of electrical investigation which Faraday and Henry later carried out, who invented the calorimeter and the deflagrator, and gave us the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe, a source of heat which enabled the French chemists later to forge into a single ingot a mass of platinum weighing not less than a quarter of a ton. Nor should we omit the versatile Silliman, the omniscient Rogers, the astute Caswell, nor Hitchcock, the paleontologist and discoverer of the great ornithites of the Connecticut River sandstones; nor Lea, the naturalist; nor Guyot, the famous orographer; nor Chauvenet, the mathematician and astronomer; nor Lawrence Smith, the mineralogist; nor Wyman, the biologist and physiologist; nor a host of others no less worthy."

At each of the meetings the astronomer, the botanist, the chemist, the engineer, the statistician, and the zoologist comes from his special field to tell what he has done toward the advancement of science, and his little goes to swell the sum of knowledge. Thus far nearly six thousand papers have been read before the sections, and from the close scrutiny of the council it is safe to say that a poor contribution never passes them.

Many of the papers, on the other hand, have been of the nature of "epoch makers" or mile-stones in the progress of science. Of such a character was the one "On the Velocity of Light," which Albert A. Michelson read at the St. Louis meeting in 1878. It gave the closest figures of the distance from the earth to the sun ever determined. Later Henry Draper told of his discovery of the oxygen in the sun, which, if not accepted to-day, marked a distinct advance in the history of celestial physics. These, however, are of seldom occurrence, and the papers in recent years have, owing to the advancement of science, dealt rather with the details of a specialty than with some brilliant discovery.

In recent years there has grown up a tendency among specialist organizations to hold their annual meetings contemporaneous with the larger body, but at such a time as not to interfere with the regular sessions. This year meetings will be held of the Geological Society of America, the Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science, the Association of Economic Entomologists, the Association of State Weather Service, the Society for Promoting Engineering Education, the American Microscopical Society, the American Chemical Society, and the American Forestry Association; while the Botanical Club and the Entomological Club of the association devote their leisure to the special study of the botany and insect fauna of the locality.

The Russian Cactus.



HE proposed appropriation of one million dollars to be spent in the extermination of the Russian cactus, or thistle, marked a new departure in the policy of the general government, and was so stoutly resisted by the House that the Senate was obliged to recede from its position on the subject. This weed has an interesting history, and its beginning in this country has not been satisfactorily cleared up, for the scientific investigators who have studied it have not yet determined whether it is a native plant that has developed and spread under cultivation, or whether it was brought here some twenty years ago in flax-seed from Russia. However it started, it has now become a great nuisance in both North and South Dakota and five other northwestern States. In spring and early summer the young plant is eagerly eaten by sheep and cattle, and therefore has some food value. But in the later summer, when the weather is dry, each plant grows to large dimensions, and early in September it goes to seed. When in this condition it very much resembles the well-known tumble weed of the Atlantic States. The wind breaking the thin stem upon which the plant grows, it is blown about and the seeds are scattered over a wide area. Under these conditions it will readily be seen that it is an admirable self-propagator, and it is an undisputed fact that in less than ten years it has spread over the immense area just mentioned. It is an annual, and therefore easy to kill when yet green and before it has gone to seed. But concerted action appears to be desirable, and possibly necessary.

There are those, however, among the men who have observed it who believe that it will run its course in a few years, like many other noxious weeds which have worried farmers in the past. If we were to believe the Senators who advocated the appropriation we could not avoid the fear that the crops all over the country were in imminent danger of being ruined by it. But Senators in the heat of debate are much like other men overcharged with eloquence—not much hampered by the mere facts of a case.



GOVERNOR FLOWER is said to be anxious for a renomination for the office he has disgraced. It is to be hoped that his ambition may be gratified. It is seldom that Republicans are able to find anything in the Governor which they can approve, but as to this particular matter they sympathize with him fully.

DEBS, like the fellow who was kicked by a mule, knows more than he did a little while ago. "I will never again," he says, "have any official connection with a strike." "The organized elements of society are opposed to strikes, and so long as strikes are repugnant to society it is useless to inaugurate them." It is surprising how quickly, under certain conditions, some persons come to understand propositions which at other times they are utterly unable to comprehend. A good trouncing counts for more in the conversion of such people than all the logic in the world.

WHATEVER may be the immediate outcome of the Democratic disintegration on the tariff question, it is quite obvious that there must be, ultimately, a change in the party leadership. The large body of Democrats who are honestly in favor of tariff reform will never again consent to follow

the plumes of the men who have assumed the control of the party policy during the recent struggle. Openly and shamelessly betraying the principles and policies to which the party was squarely committed, they will justly be held responsible for the disasters which are sure to overtake it. Not only so, but if the Republican party shall prove itself worthy of the popular confidence, not a few Democrats who have become disgusted with the tergiversations of the party leaders and their infamous betrayals of the public interests will seek alliance with it as the best possible means of utterly overthrowing and eliminating the vicious influences which have been ingrafted upon the public policy. There has never been a time in our history when any political party has had a grander opportunity to attract to itself voters of the more intelligent and conscientious class, with whom patriotism counts for more than partisanship, than is now within Republican reach.

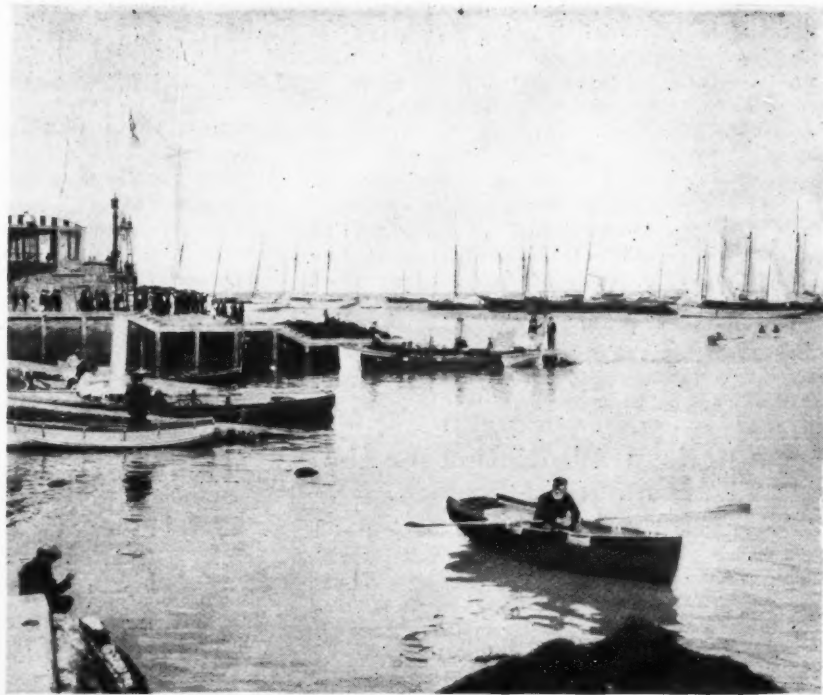
In these days, when there is an obvious tendency in some quarters to compromise away essential principle on the silver question, it is refreshing to read such a direct and unequivocal statement of Republican doctrine as we find embodied in the platform of the Republicans of Wisconsin. This statement is in the following words: "The Republican party is in favor of honest money. We are opposed to any scheme that will give the country a depreciated and debased currency. We favor the use of silver as a currency to the extent only that it can be circulated on a parity with gold." This is the true doctrine, and the only doctrine which is consistent with business safety and financial integrity. Standing upon that doctrine, the Republican party can hold its own in the long run against all combinations which may be arrayed against it. Any recession from this doctrine, any attempt to compromise it away in order to secure the support of the riff-raff of politics, will inevitably lead to disaster. It is noteworthy that the Illinois Republicans make in their platform substantially the same statement of doctrine as their Wisconsin fellows. It looks as if public opinion in the West is, as to this subject, emancipating itself from the delusions which for a time threatened the demoralization of all political parties.

THE atrocities of the recent railway strike in the West seem likely to have a compensation in the awakening of the more thoughtful and intelligent workingmen to an appreciation of the injury which this method of settling disputes is doing the labor cause. The Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, for instance, have been led by these excesses to take decisive action for the punishment of all members of that body who took part in the strike. The rules of that organization, it appears, prohibit all sympathetic strikes, as calculated to hinder rather than advance the interests of its membership, and the grand master now declares in a general circular that this rule must hereafter be rigidly enforced; and that wherever it is shown that any member has violated it, he must be peremptorily expelled. Any lodge failing or refusing to comply with the constitution of the order in this respect will expose itself to the risk of having its charter revoked. This action cannot fail to exert a beneficial influence, and, taken together with the attitude of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and of one or two other organizations which deprecate strikes as a method of adjusting controversies, must be accepted as an evidence that workingmen are beginning to understand that relief from the wrongs of which they complain must be sought by appeals to reason and the enlightened judgment of the time.

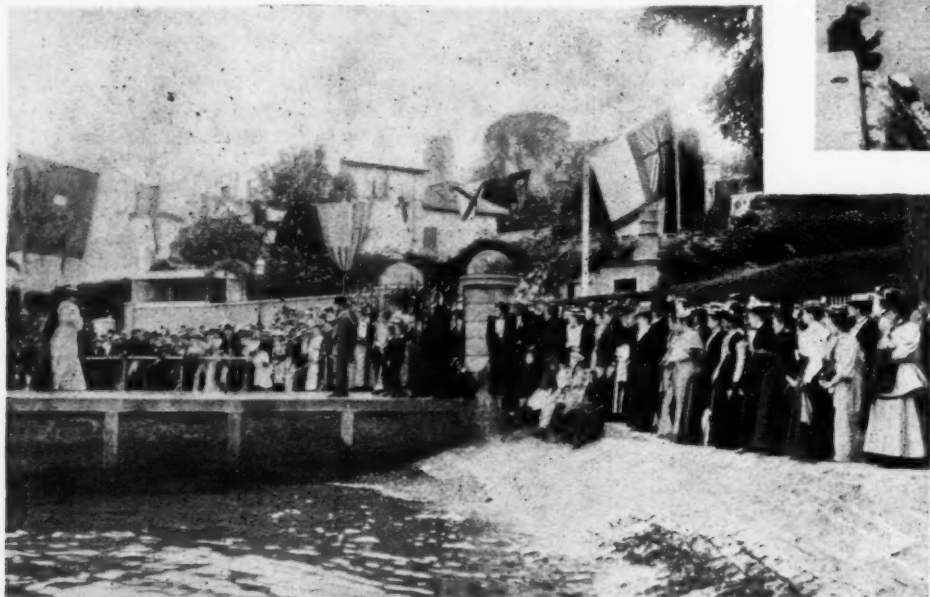
THE Emperor William is generally supposed to be a man of austere life, rigid and punctilious in his intercourse with those about him, and habitually absorbed in affairs of state. But it would seem that this characterization is not altogether correct. His Majesty is no doubt a stickler in all affairs of official etiquette, but he manages when away from the precincts of the court to get pretty closely into touch with his associates, and to extract a good deal of enjoyment out of the passing hours. A recent account notes that while, on his yachting cruise he devotes some time to the study of geology and other sober pursuits, he gives himself up every evening to lighter diversions, in which all the dignitaries who accompany him enthusiastically participate. An evening on the imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* is anything but dull. Eccentric variety performances are provided, consisting of singing and playing in character, exhibitions of rapid sketching in caricature, impromptu verse-making, etc. Among the participants in these merry-makings are ambassadors, ministers, and professors, who are included among the Emperor's guests. Possibly some people may regard this style of amusement as beneath the dignity of a great imperial ruler, but a "little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men," and even kings and emperors may be the better equipped for their exalted trusts by sometimes letting humorous and wayward fancies have their way. The Emperor William will fight none the less stoutly and stubbornly, and his battle-ships will be none the less grim and dangerous, when need arises, because while sailing his yacht in peaceful seas he has become just a man among his fellows, and sought in innocent diversions relief from pressing cares and grave responsibilities.



ON THE EVE OF THE RACES.



THE LANDING-STAGE.



ON THE LOOKOUT FOR CELEBRITIES.



ENGLISH BATHING-MACHINES.



HANK HAFF AND FRIENDS ON THE MARINE PARADE.



THE EMPEROR WILLIAM'S STEAM-LAUNCH.



A TYPICAL STREET.



NEGRO MINSTRELS.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACES.

VIEWS IN COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE ABROAD.—[SEE PAGE 109]

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"The *Vigilant* beat the Prince of Wales's cutter, the *Britannia*, in a brisk breeze, which held almost true from start to finish, over a course of forty-eight nautical miles, a third of which was in the open water of the English Channel. There was a channel sea, celebrated for choppiest, supposed to be resistless to American models, but which did not materially interfere with the triumphant progress of the white sloop. The *Vigilant* covered the course in four hours, six minutes and forty seconds, or at an average of about eleven and a half knots an hour. She beat the *Britannia* by six minutes and thirty-three seconds, actual time, and four minutes and twenty-nine seconds corrected time, allowing two minutes and four seconds to her opponent."—*Press account of the race.*

THE "VIGILANT" DEFEATS THE "BRITANNIA" IN THE RACE FOR A PRIZE OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, OVER THE QUEEN'S COURSE OFF COWES, AUGUST 4TH.—DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHILL, FROM PHOTOGRAPH.

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IN A WIMPLE.

By ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

SISTER MARY AGONISTA paused on the step ere she went in. Should she take up again her office as nurse to the girl who had asked for a sister when she became ill? The sister in the Mother House had been anxious to go; she was in a mood of exaltation at the time, and hardship and deprivation were very dear to her. She went to the crowded tenement like a ray of light, to the invalid in the top apartment like an angel. "Now," said the sick girl, "I am not afraid to be sick. My name is Ida Fleming. Here is my money. Take care of me, sister; there is no one in the world who cares for me."

"Dear," said the sister, her cool hand on the hot brow of the other, "do not say that. I care for you; the blessed Master has sent me to you because He knows that I shall love you."

The sister thought of this as she stood on the step in the gathering dusk. In that populous neighborhood, amid the many signs of humble life, the swarming children, the women with shawls over their heads going for the provender for the evening meal, the twilight could not be very beautiful; but looking aloft at the ribbon of sky made by the double line of tall houses, you could see a flush from the west spreading shell-pink all round, and in the flush one limpid star whose light one might almost think was fanned by the same faint breeze which gently stroked the sister's soft cheek. It was a night for tender thought, even in that harsh neighborhood.

Did the sister love her charge as on that day of her coming she had said she should? She felt like a drowning person; as a drowning person is said to see in a single moment much that it has taken a long time to live, so she saw the weary weeks that had passed since she left the Mother House and took this charge. In the delirium of fever her patient had divulged the cause of the illness, had spoken of her love for a man, and how for his own good she had given him up, knowing that she was but a humble girl, while he was immeasurably above her. The sister, listening, began to regard the girl with strange interest; she herself had left the world for the labor of the sisterhood, had gone from so-called refinements and the soft ease of wealth to take upon herself burdens she might once have regarded as impossible to carry. At times, when she felt not quite cheerful, she had thought with a thrill of satisfaction that she had given up much. Beside this girl, who was a toiler in the world, uncultured, ignorant, she saw the possibilities of self-denial.

The knowledge shamed her that she should regard it as she did—that she should regard the giving up of an earthly affection as the greatest thing a woman could put away from her; but listening to the ravings of the girl, to the confessions of tender thoughts, she had to own that this girl had foregone more than the world in denying herself her joy, she had given up more than life itself.

It grieved her that she should argue thus, that she should hold in her hitherto unsullied thought a phase of worldly life of which she had been ignorant before. Of love for a person of the sex opposite her own she had known little; she had been a *religieuse* from her fifteenth year, imbued with the beauty of a life lived for the world but apart from the world, a life of chastity and poverty in benefit of sad humanity.

The mother regarded her with peculiar affection, the sisters looked upon her as little short of a saint, though they sometimes resented her sanctity a little, and would have loved her better had she been more imperfect, in the degree that there must be some human weakness in order to attract peccable humanity. What would they say if they knew how she had grown to view the sacrifice of this sick girl? More than that, what would they say if they knew that she had written what is called a love-letter?

A surge of feeling dyed her cheek as she stood on the step in the twilight after posting that letter. She knew that to enter the house, to take up her post again beside the sick-bed, she should undergo fresh temptation to ask the girl more about the feelings of her heart. Had it come to that?

She caught up her rosary beads and pressed them in her palm. She was entirely too much interested in the girl's story. Suppose the mother should know she had written that letter! And yet, could she have done otherwise?

She had written the letter for the girl simply because it had seemed the best thing to do—had not the doctor told her to do all that she could? And had not the girl begged her for days to write the letter?

"Oh, sister," she had said, "do not refuse me! I am so weak I cannot write. Write for me, please." She denied her over and over. But the frail thing iterated and reiterated the request that the letter be written to the man, recalling that other letter in which she had given him up and so sent him away from her.

"I am dying, sister," she said; "you cannot deny me. Will you not write?"

Still, Sister Mary Agonista refused. Not until the doctor told her that this life hung by a thread did she hesitate.

"Suppose, Ida," she said, holding out, "he should not reply to the letter?"

"I can only die," was the answer, "and he must be told I lied when I told him I no longer loved him. Must I take that lie with me in death? And, oh, if he knew the truth I might grow better."

Thus there was a possibility of life if the letter were written; hope might bridge over the sinking condition, hope of the truth replacing the lie. But to write such a letter!

"Why not ask the doctor to write it?" she asked, as by inspiration.

"Tell a man my story?" said the sick girl. "Never mind, sister; do not say anything more about it."

Sister Mary Agonista was greatly distressed; perhaps it would be as well to lay the matter before the mother. But the mother would doubtless say, why should not Sister Mary Agonista write the letter? As why should she not? Oh, she had become so interested in the story, in the delirium of the invalid, she had listened with such avidity to the tender confessions, that she had come to wonder what such love could mean, and—no, she could say nothing to the mother, and her first duty was to try to save the patient's life. So in sheer desperation she wrote the letter dictated by Ida; wrote, while her face burned, all those loving words to a man. Even then she would have torn it up, but that would have been wrong. So she went out and posted it.

Should she go in after posting it? Would it not be better to go to the Mother House and ask that another sister might be deputed in her stead? But she would be asked the reason of this, and how could she answer that question? Not any better than she could answer the question, Did she love the girl as in the first instance she had said she should?

She turned from the ribbon streak of sky between the tall houses, turned from the pale flush dying outward from the west, from the single pellucid star, and resolutely went in and up all those stairs to the sick-room. "I can do nothing else," she thought.

Her eyes were on the bed as she opened the door, on the face raised to hers. A once attractive face it was, when bloom and happiness were its adjuncts, but now miserable. Sister Mary Agonista thought there was a look of suspicion in it, also.

"I posted the letter," she said, sharply. The head went down among the pillows, and silence was in the room.

The sister seated herself in her noiseless way and looked about her. She had lighted the lamp, and in its raw glare the bare walls looked doubly bare, the plain furniture twice as plain. In her own little room in the Mother House there was but plain furniture, to be sure, and the walls were quite bare except for the pure Fra Angelico with its sad eyes. Yet her plain room had in it the evidences of a refinement painfully lacking here; the small table close to the sick-bed, with its array of medicine bottles, was the neatest thing here, the snowy doily over the medicine glass was one she had brought with her, and was beautiful with fine convent work.

Instinctively her eyes sought the bed. Ida was apparently dozing; her face stood out from the pillows. It was a coarse face, the sister decided; she liked better the pure outlines of other faces she knew—the pale, fine skin, the straight features, and that delicate little bow to the lips which makes the mouth so pleasant to look upon. All these were lacking here; here was the heavy, magnificent type of a Rubens, some such face as she had seen in European galleries when she was a child and traveled

with her father, and even then was mostly interested in the depicting of the Blessed Virgin.

She ran her fingers over her own face; there was the straight nose, the short, bowed upper lip. Then she frowned—why was she drawing comparisons between this girl and herself? For the first time she was seeking a superiority in herself over the other; it was because she had done for that other what was utterly repugnant to herself in writing words of burning affection to a man.

Long she sat there. It seemed the mere fact of the letter being sent had done Ida good, for she slept for the first time in many nights without the use of the morphia in the bottle on the table beside her bed.

"What a strange thing is this sort of happiness," thought the sister. The house was noisy with its people, unpleasant smells of cooking meals came in at the door cracks, women were laughing or scolding, men jarring in with their voices, a child screaming now and then. This was married life; this was what the girl on the bed craved. Had those scolding and laughing women ever written letters such as the one posted a little while ago? Would the girl on the bed sometime become such a laughing and scolding woman?

She took a little book from her pocket and read:

"Surely my heart cannot truly rest, nor be entirely contented, unless it rest in Thee, and rise above all creatures whatsoever."

"Sister!" called the voice from the bed. The sister rose with alacrity and went there.

"I think I can sleep all night," said the faint voice of Ida. "I am so glad the letter is gone." Smiling, her voice trailed away, and she slept indeed.

"Strange is such happiness," said the sister, and moved over to the lamp that she might the better see to read from her little book.

"Let no strange fancies therefore trouble thee," she read, "which on any subject whatever may crowd into thy mind. Keep thy purpose with courage, and preserve an upright intention toward God."

She closed the book over her finger and sat and thought for a while.

On the morrow the doctor told her the patient was better.

"Yes," she said, dryly, "she slept well."

"Without the morphia?"

"Without the morphia."

"Good!" he said, and patted the sick girl's hand.

That day Ida talked more and more cheerfully. She told little incidents of her love-life, and how astonished she had been when the son of her employer avowed his love for her. She ran on in a feeble fashion, saying many a silly thing, but happy in all that she said, and dreamily retrospective.

Sister Mary Agonista looked at her almost grimly.

"Well," she said, "if the mere sending of that letter has done so much, the medicine might have been administered earlier, and my task been over."

Ida looked at her, astonished.

"Sister," she said, "you regret that you are here."

"I do not," said the sister, "I do not. But I have done that which—now, what am I saying? I am a little cross to-day, Ida, that is it."

"Cross!" smilingly repeated Ida. "I did not know you sisters became cross."

"We sisters!" retorted Sister Mary Agonista. "How aged that sounds. And yet I am scarcely older than you. No, we should not become cross, but, being women, I suppose we have our moods. Now it is time for your milk."

"I wonder," said Ida, irrelevantly, "when the answer will come?"

"The answer?"

"To my letter."

"Oh, you expect an answer?"

"Of course. I wonder when it will come?"

"I wonder," said the sister in a low voice.

"I wonder."

And she did, indeed, wonder. That wonder of her charge impressed itself upon her—would the man reply to that fervid writing, and how? It grew upon her, this wonder. And if an answer came should she be allowed to read it?

After that she did not check Ida's talk; she would fain try to discover what sort of a man he was. And Ida told her, with the extravagance of one who loved the one described, idealizing him. Sister Mary Agonista listened with a new wonder, discovering that he was an educated gentleman, and knowing Ida to be as she was. In that case, what did he see in Ida, this gentleman, this hero, this epitome of all manly qualities, this Apollo?

That night again Ida slept well, and was stronger yet in the morning.

In three days there should have been a reply

to the letter if there was a lover at the other end of it. And in three days the reply came.

Ida was in a deep sleep at noonday, the sister deftly mending some of the girl's linen.

There was a rattle at the door.

"Come!" the sister said in a hushed voice, expecting to see a girl from Ida's store out for her lunch, and stopping to inquire, as had more than once occurred.

She had laid aside her close bonnet, and her chestnut hair, cut close, ringed in little crisp tendrils over her low, white brow; there was a faint bloom in her cheeks, for she was sitting in the sun.

"Come," she said a second time, for the rattling was repeated. "Come!"

The door opened and a tall man entered.

Sister Mary Agonista knew at once who he was. She dragged her hood over her hair.

The man looked from the sleeping girl to her. He came and stood beside her.

"You are her nurse," he said. "She always said that if she fell ill she would have a sister to nurse her. Tell me, she is better?"

There was not that pained anxiety in his voice Sister Mary Agonista might have thought consistent in one who loved as Ida loved, as Ida said he loved.

"She is better," she replied. "She began to mend as soon as the letter to you was sent."

"I see you know who I am," he returned.

"You wrote that letter, I presume?"

"She could not write herself, being so weak," she said, hastily, angered with herself for having recognized him so readily, and letting him know that she did. "She dictated, I took down her words."

He looked at her, then sat down facing the sleeping girl.

Sister Mary Agonista had not a word to say, and the anger against herself seemed to grow greater; here she was in the presence of the man to whom she had written words of ineffable tenderness. It was well that she could ply her needle so calmly.

"Will she wake soon?" he asked, turning to her.

"I cannot tell," she answered.

"Being weak, I presume she sleeps heavily," he said.

"Yes," she replied.

Again there was a silence, which was broken by the man.

"Has she been ill long?" he asked.

"Ever since she sent you from her," replied the sister.

"You know that she sent me away?"

"She has told me her story."

"My going away, then, made her ill?"

"Yes."

"May it not have done as much for me?"

She could not understand him.

"Sister," he said, "I have come in answer to the letter you wrote. In it you said, or, rather, inferred, that if I did not come to her she would die."

"She said the words I wrote. I know nothing of the inference."

"You know what I mean; there is no use to quibble about words. Of course she is as ill as you wrote? Of course what you wrote was true?"

"I should not have subscribed to an untruth."

"I hardly meant that," he said, and offered no further explanation.

The sister could make very little of this, except that the thought he should be responsible for the death of Ida if he failed to come weighed more with him than any feeling he had for the girl.

They sat there for some little time without a word, when all at once there came a cry from the bed. Ida was awake and saw him.

"Annesley," she cried, "you have come—you have come. I knew you would, I knew you would. Oh, I did not mean to send you away, only I thought you were so much above me that I might ruin your prospects if you married me. Oh, my love!"

She fell back in a swoon. When the sister had revived her and her lover was gone, Ida lay there passive and spent. Sister Mary Agonista went back to the mending of the linen.

Later on, when Ida spoke, the sister heeded with strained attention all that was said; when the lover came for a little while in the evening she was attentive to all that passed between them. She decided upon one thing, and it seemed strange to her that it was so settled in her mind. She decided that his feeling for Ida had cooled with reflection, that when in noble self-abnegation Ida gave him up he was not sorry; when her letter of recall reached him he could do nothing else than come back to her and redeem his plighted word to her.

This decision was all the firmer rooted in her mind as the days went on and she saw him a

while each day. She could not think, understanding the girl's nature as she did, that Ida had been content with his manner toward her if that manner had always been as it was now, and she wondered if the girl did not notice a change in him. But Ida was so happy in having him with her, in knowing that her letter had brought him back to her, that she noticed nothing. Besides, did he not come to see her every day?

Still she did not gain in strength as the sister thought she must do now that she was so happy. And with her lover's advent her sleeplessness returned, and the morphia was once more brought into requisition.

One day when the doctor told Sister Mary Agonista that she herself was looking ill and must have exercise, she decided to go to the Mother House for an hour or two. How happy they were to see her there. The mother kissed her on both cheeks in the formal fashion of the house, and then wound her arm round her in an affectionate way. There were many little things to tell her—bits of gossip, as how Sister Mary Azelica had broken on the high C last Sunday in singing the "Ave Maria," so nervous was she because the bishop had celebrated the Mass; and how little lay-sister Celia had made herself sick from eating honey and bread against orders.

Sister Mary Agonista listened in a perfunctory manner; she was not at all interested. She wanted to get back to Ida Fleming—to stay in that sick-room.

"You are not tired out, dear?" the mother asked her. "You do not wish to be relieved?" "Oh, no," she answered, hastily. "No, no; I am not tired at all. I shall be there but a short time now—she will soon be well."

A pang came with her words—Ida would soon be well and be in no need of her. Why should she feel pain because of that?

On her way back she felt the strangest inclination to hasten, to hurry.

Suddenly a man crossed her path. It was Ida's lover.

"Sister," he said, "may I walk with you? I cannot say in Ida's room what I can say to you here."

"What can you have to say to me here," she retorted, sternly, "which is interdicted there?"

"What a desperate man must say," he went on, hotly. "I no longer care for Ida as I should." She shrank from him.

"I know I shock you," pursued he; "but it is the truth. I have done her a wrong, and I will right it as much as I can. But my wife should be a lady, used to refinements and—in fact, she should be more as yourself."

"Sir!"

"You understand me. You are a lady; your letter to me proved that."

"Ida's letter—which I wrote."

"Of course, and—"

"Why should you say this to me?"

"I thought it possible you might make it clear to Ida—"

"That she is nothing to you?" she interrupted.

He gnawed his mustache.

"Sister," he said, "do not regard me as a sorry wretch. Ida, as my wife, would be unhappy; already she has seen how different she is from the women of my family, to whom I dare not speak of her. I do not care for myself, but to have my wife snubbed is more than I could stand."

"Are you not man enough to prevent the snubbing?"

"If offered by men, yes; but by women, no. And a woman's snubbing is everything to the woman snubbed. You are a lady, and you know that. If Ida were more like you—"

"I am a sister; the lady is sunk in that."

"All the same, seeing you so much with Ida has made me think less of her than I should otherwise have done, and it pains me to say it. But the contrast was inevitable."

She gave vent to an expression of pain.

"It is so," he went on. "The contrast has done it, and if Ida were to be told gradually—"

"You mistake me," Sister Mary Agonista sharply interrupted. "I will never do this. Ida loves you—a loving woman, a woman who would willingly die for you, ought to be more to you than any factitious prominence she occupies in the estimation of frivolous fashion. She gave you up in all generosity; when she thought she was dying she wished you merely to know that she had been untruthful in telling you that you were nothing to her. Your coming has helped her toward health, for it meant to her that you love her—as surely you must have done when you asked her to be your wife. Or did you make a plaything of her?"

"No, no; I truly—"

"There is but one thing for you to do, and that you have already promised her to do—make her your wife. Tell those proud women of your

family how she gave you up for love of you, and if they are true women, true ladies, they will respect and honor her more than you do."

Without another word she sped from him in the direction of Ida's house.

Her face was ghastly when she entered the room.

"Your walk seems not to have done you good," Ida called out blithely. "Oh, sister, I know what will do any woman good—it is to love."

"Never say a word like that to me," hoarsely said Sister Mary Agonista—"never."

Ida laughed softly, and lay there in pleasant reverie.

When the man came that evening Sister Mary Agonista kept her back to him as she sewed. She heard the two talking in a low tone, he apparently more solicitous than he had been. When he said good-night to her she nodded without turning round.

When Ida was asleep for the night Sister Mary Agonista sat sleepless in the room.

"If she were more like me!" she said. What deep eyes he had; what purpose, what respect for his wife, what knowledge of women. "If she were more like me!" Why had the Mother House seemed so stupid to-day? Why had she so denied the mother when a substitute nurse was suggested? And why had she so shrank when Ida's lover accosted her in the street, and why had she wanted to be with Ida all the time the sisters were talking to her at the house? She seized her little book and read, "Let me not be overcome, O Lord; let me not be overcome by flesh and blood; let not the world and the brief glory thereof deceive me; let not the devil and his subtle fraud trip me up." She turned the pages idly and came to this: "Then will he say unto me, If thou art willing to be with me, I am willing to be with thee." With a smothered cry she dashed out the light and sat there in the dark all the rest of the night.

In the morning she had packed her things when Ida awoke.

"I must go," she said. "Another sister will come in my place. But I must go."

Ida looked at her and said nothing. Not until the doctor had come and gone did she speak.

"Sister," then she said, "Annesley told me last night he met you in the street in the afternoon. Why did you not tell me? He also told me what you advised him to do. Why did you not tell me? Do you think I am so ignorant, so far down, that I am not worth consideration? Annesley and you belong to the same sphere, and I do not! But if you cannot treat me as a woman I cannot any longer treat you as a sister, so what have you done to Annesley that he is changed toward me?"

Sister Mary Agonista at the window said, faintly:

"You must not insult me."

"Only one your equal could insult you," retorted Ida, bitterly. "Well, I stand no more comparisons."

Sister Mary Agonista, feeling almost as though she were of the world and had heard the happiest of words, wheeled round. The next moment she had flown across the room and snatched from Ida's lips the bottle of morphia that had been upon the table. Ida broke into wild sobs. In the midst of the outburst her lover came in.

Sister Mary Agonista never rightly knew what she said to him, only that she told him what Ida had been about to do for love of him; how little he deserved such sacrifice, how weak a creature he was not to value at its true worth a faithful and loving heart. She knew that he seemed to look angrily at her; that he leaned over Ida, saying that he had come to tell her what a mistake it had all been; that he had told everything to his mother, and that his sister was coming to take her to gentler surroundings and nurse her back to health. In all that he said was a tacit blame of Sister Mary Agonista, as she felt, if only because of the comparison she had forced upon him with Ida at the other side of it, and he never once looked at the sister, nor did Ida.

Sister Mary Agonista left them thus when Ida told her to go. With her satchel on her arm, her little book in her hand, she reached the Mother House. She passed along into the chapel, where she knew the mother would be at that hour; she saw her kneeling, and almost ran to prostrate herself before her.

"Mother!"

"My child!" and the mother's arms were around her.

"Mother, mother; hold me to your breast as though I were your child indeed," she said, "and keep me close to you and comfort me with the glorious truths of the religion we both espouse. I am so weak. My heart—oh, mother! do you know what it is to have a young girl's heart?"

"Hush, dear child," whispered the mother.

"Have I not been a young girl myself? Something distresses you: I saw that when you came to us yesterday. Do not tell me what it is; sometime you may regret the confidence. Your heart is yours, and mine is mine, dear—let us keep them to ourselves and to God."

And Sister Mary Agonista flung her arms passionately across the neck of the mother and buried her drooping head in the mother's bosom.

American Summer Resorts.

No country in the world possesses a greater number and variety of pleasure resorts than our own. No section is without them. We are apt to imagine that the Eastern States are exceptionally fortunate in this particular; but the Central and Western States, as well as the Pacific slope, are hardly less well supplied than ourselves; and in point of grandeur and sublimity the resorts of the Western States unquestionably present greater attractions than those of the Atlantic seaboard. Colorado, Washington, Oregon, Utah, California and others of the remote States and Territories abound in resorts which are incomparable in scenic attractions.

The New-Yorker, perhaps, is more fortunate than the resident of any other city in the variety of the attractions within immediate reach. We have Rockaway, Glen Island, Coney Island, the New Jersey coast resorts, at our very doors. These are the pleasure-grounds of the multitude. Newport, the Massachusetts and Maine coasts, Narragansett, Saratoga, the Catskills, the Berkshire Hills, the central New York and the Canada lakes, the Adirondack and White Mountains, Lakes George and Champlain, each and all attract thousands of summer sojourners. The Philadelphian finds rest and enjoyment at Atlantic City, Cape May, and the mountain resorts of his own State. The Southerner haunts the Gulf coast, the Virginia springs, and the North Carolina mountains with their cool retreats. The mid-continental cities send their contingents both east and west. The Adirondacks are becoming every year more and more popular with visitors from all parts of the country, who enjoy Nature in her primitive moods. With the grand diversity of mountains and lakes there is hardly a foot in all the vast area which has not some attraction peculiarly its own. The weary brain-worker finds in the solitudes of the majestic mountains just the repose and invigoration which brain as well as body craves. To the sportsman the wilderness offers invitations which are not easily declined. Some of the most delightful Adirondack resorts are as yet comparatively unknown to the great throng of pleasure-seekers. We know of one such at the foot of Hurricane Mountain, overlooking the whole of Keene Valley, one of the marvelously beautiful valleys of the world. This resort is nearly two thousand feet high, with twenty mountains lifting their lofty peaks around it. The views are as grand as any in Switzerland. Around the hostelry planted there are the balsamic forests of pine and woods of white birch. Brooks murmur on every side. This summer this particular resort has been the home of a school of philosophy, where many of Harvard's leading professors have found rest and enjoyment. There are many reposeful nooks of this sort throughout the Adirondack region, but the great crowd of pleasure-seekers seek the more conspicuous points, such as the Saranac, St. Regis, Placid and Mirror Lakes, Racquette, the Fulton chain, and the far-northerly Chateaugay. These, too, are the special points of attraction to the sportsman, especially in the last days of August and the early part of September.

A resort of which little or nothing is known in the East, and of which we give a couple of illustrations, is Saltair Beach, on Great Salt Lake in Utah. This lake, as is known, is America's Dead Sea, and here, fourteen miles from Salt Lake City, Mormon capital has established one of the most unique bathing resorts in the world. A great pavilion has been built on piles some fifteen hundred feet out over the water, which, among other features, has a dancing-hall, constructed in the exact dimensions of the great tabernacle at the Mormon capital, which will accommodate easily some two thousand dancers. The wings of the building, extending for some distance like great horns, are devoted to bathing-houses, of which there are several hundred. The bathing itself invigorates the skin, and is wonderfully exhilarating on account of the highly-mineralized character of the water, which has become so dense that even novices in the art of swimming find it sometimes harder to get under than to stay on the surface. Persons who have not made the test can scarcely believe this, but a trial always

makes a satisfactory demonstration. There is no surf bathing, however, owing to the fact that the water cannot safely be taken into the nose, mouth or eyes. The only danger in bathing is from strangulation. On rough days bathing is seldom indulged in, except by the most hardy swimmers, but as the sun is generally shining during the season very little inconvenience results from this.

The scene from the pavilion, embracing a view of the great lake, with the mountainous islands in the foreground and the Oquirrh range stretching off into the horizon, as well as the Wasatch range sweeping from the north and overlooking the cities that nestle in the valley beneath, is very fine. There is little verdure on these mountains, and therefore they stand out rugged and sublime, impressing one with their awful grandeur.

A Wisconsin Forest Fire.

We have elsewhere referred to the devastating fires which have recently swept over some parts of the West. On our first page we illustrate one of these fires, which obliterated the town of Phillips, in northern Wisconsin, and left three thousand persons utterly destitute, while twelve persons lost their lives in trying to escape. The fire came so suddenly that the inhabitants had to rush for shelter to a number of freight cars which happened to be within reach, with only the clothes they had on their backs. A switch-engine pulled the cars down the line to a place of safety, and everybody escaped except three families who became crazed and ran directly in front of the advancing fire. They were driven to the little lake, and took refuge in a floating boat-house, which they tried to push across the lake. The draught of the fire drew it back toward the fire. Then the party, thirteen in number, took to three small boats. The saw-logs in the lake caught fire, and in their efforts to sprinkle themselves with water the occupants capsize the boat. All were drowned except one—a woman, who was found the next morning clinging to an upturned boat. She was unconscious, and clinging to her neck was her dead babe.

The fire broke out on Friday. By Monday morning it had spent its fury, and most of the inhabitants returned. It was a most desolate scene. Only twenty-nine of the seven hundred houses remained. The town hall was one of the buildings which escaped, and it was converted into relief headquarters. Standing in front of the town hall one could look north for a mile and see nothing but the ashy waste which marked the town site. So great was the heat and fury of the fire that not a single beard or timber escaped.

Governor Peck arrived early Sunday morning with a relief train containing provisions, blankets, and tents, contributed by Milwaukee and Chicago citizens, and by nightfall the people were comparatively comfortable. But many were without proper clothing, and not a few business men were glad to clothe themselves in garments which they would have despised under other circumstances.

The property loss at Phillips is estimated at \$750,000, and the total loss in northern Wisconsin from forest fires this summer will reach \$1,500,000. The mainstay of Phillips was the saw-mill, located on the little lake, and this will be rebuilt at once, furnishing employment to those now destitute.

The Phillips fire was the worst that has occurred in Wisconsin since the Peshtigo fire in October, 1871. Peshtigo was a town of 1,500 inhabitants then, and the forest fires cut off escape for most of them. The death-list ran up to nearly seven hundred. One party of about one hundred sought refuge in a field, the men forming an outside circle in hopes of protecting the women. Every member of the party was killed by the excessive heat. There have been many destructive forest fires in Wisconsin since then, but none in which there was so large a loss of life as at Phillips week before last.

FRED DOUGHERTY.

A Ride on the Wheel.

A RIDE on the wheel is a joy to me:
Swiftly speeding along, up hill, down grade,
Now in the sunlight, and now in the shade,
Like a bird on the wing, happy and free.
Under the wide-spreading branch of a tree
Our trusty machines on the grass are laid,
And on farm-wife's larder we make a raid,
While the house-dog barks and the children flee.

Refreshed and cool, we are up and away
With the speed of the wind, until the light
Begins to wane, and we halt for the night
At a wayside inn, with little to pay;
And though we are weary, yet still we feel
There is nothing like a ride on the wheel.

HENRY COTLE.



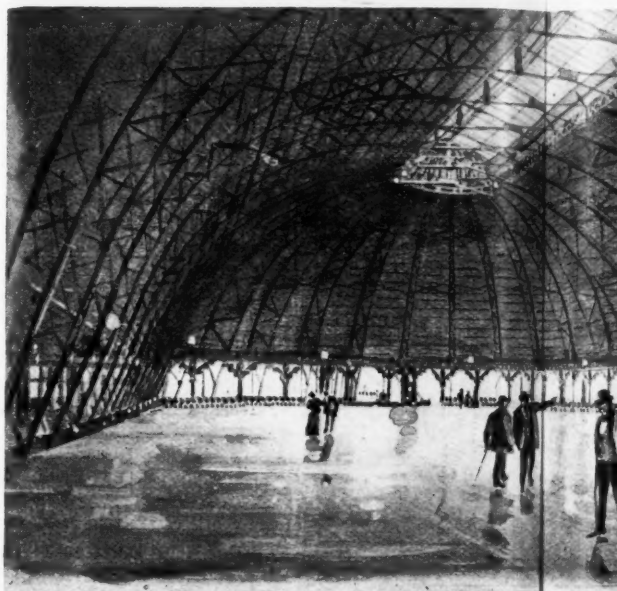
A SUNDAY CROWD AT ROCKAWAY.



BATHING IN SALT LAKE, WITH A VIEW OF



HOW'S THIS FOR ATLANTIC CITY?



PAVILION AT SALT LAKE BEACH, SALT LAKE



ON THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.

SOME OF THE TYPICAL SUMMER RESORT

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—(SEE ARTICLE ON
Copyrighted by the AP&W Weekly Con



WITH A VIEW OF SALT AIR PAVILION.



HOTEL CHAMPLAIN, BLUFF POINT.



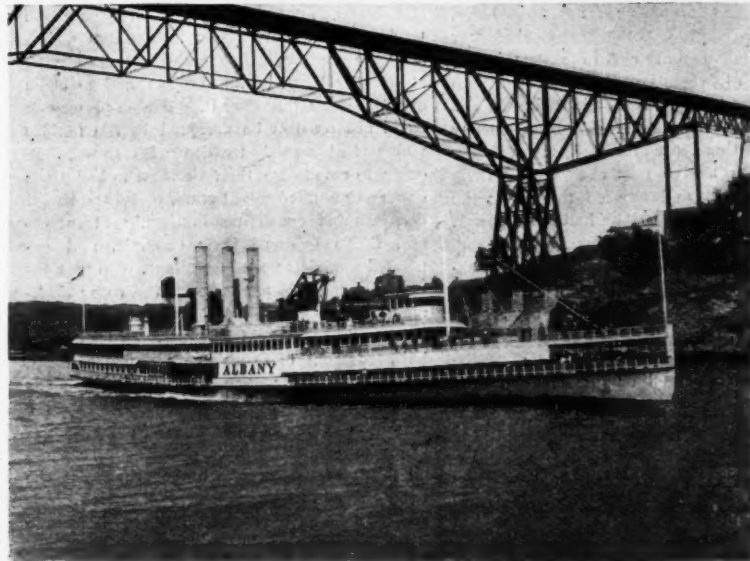
FAIR BEACH, SALT LAKE, UTAH.



LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND GREEN MOUNTAINS.



SUNDAY MORNING AT ATLANTIC CITY—THE BOARDWALK.



THE DAY BOAT UNDER POUGHKEEPSIE BRIDGE, HUDSON RIVER.



A TROUT BROOK AT EAST HILL IN THE ADIRONDACKS.



A BIT OF OLD GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE WAR BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN.

Now that war is actually in progress between China and Japan, it will be of interest to inquire as to the relative strength of the hostile Powers. Both have large armies, and have done something toward providing themselves with navies of the modern pattern. In point of numbers, the advantage is with China, both in men and ships, but it is yet to be seen whether other considerations, favorable to Japan, may not make things equal. The population of China is probably three hundred and seventy millions, and her nominal military force is over one million. Only one-third of this force, however, is on a war footing, and but one hundred thousand have been drilled in modern tactics and equipped with the latest style of arms. The soldiers are described as not lacking in courage. The expectation that China must win in the end, which is entertained in some quarters, rests not so much on the quality of her troops as on the fact that with her teeming population she can afford to continue the struggle for years; as one expresses it, "From the millions of her people she can pour troops into Korea as a child would pour sand into a rat-hole—for amusement and as a pastime—without missing them from the densely-populated districts."

The Japanese army is organized on the European plan of compulsory service, is well disciplined and effectually armed with modern weapons. The army on a peace basis numbers 75,000 men, and this can be increased to 250,000 in time of war. Both the Chinese and Japanese armies have modern guns.

The navies of the two Powers are more nearly equal than has been generally supposed. China has the greater number of vessels, about one hundred in all, including four iron-clads, some thirty or forty cruisers and gun-boats, and a number of torpedo-boats. Some of these vessels are of little value, but others are equipped for and capable of most effective fighting. Three of the more formidable vessels are the *Chen-Yuen*, the *Ching-Yuen*, and the *Foo-Ching*, the first of which recently had an engagement with two Japanese cruisers, from which she succeeded in escaping with some damage. The *Chen-Yuen* and *Ching-Yuen* are twin ships, built in 1889, and are of the best steel. They are 308 feet long, and are clad in fourteen inches of armor with fourteen inches of backing, with twelve inches of armor on their barbettes, and three inches of deck plating. They carry heavy armaments; there are three 8½-inch Krupp guns weighing twelve tons each, two of them mounted forward and one on the poop; the forward guns are worked by hydraulic power, but the one on the poop is worked by hand. There are also two 6-inch Armstrong breech-loaders, eight 6-pounder rapid-fire Hotchkiss rifles, and six Gatling guns. Moreover, each ship is supplied with torpedo launching-tubes. It is said that on these vessels the fire of all the guns can be converged on one point and the guns fired simultaneously by electricity.

The Japanese have but one iron-clad in the modern acceptance of the term. She is the *Fu-Soo*, built in 1877. This ship is a belted armor vessel from stem to stern, and is also armor-plated at her centre battery. She has also recently received new armament. The Japanese had for many years abandoned the plan of building armored battle-ships, preferring to rely upon a larger number of fast cruisers. This class of vessels, of which there are many in the Japanese navy, have no armor on their sides, and are built with very thin steel plates. The *Hi-yei* and *Kon-go* are composite ships, with armored belts protecting their engines. They are good cruisers, but are unable to resist even the fire of the smallest machine-guns, although their engines and other parts below the water-line are sheltered to some extent by a protective deck. In spite of the fact that these vessels are practically defenseless, they have enormous attacking powers, which are furnished by their great speed and their splendid batteries of quick-firing Krupp and Armstrong guns.

The *Yoshino*, the last of the Japanese vessels built on the Tyne, is one of the fastest four cruisers afloat, the other three being the *Columbia* and *Minneapolis* of our own navy, and the Chilean *Banco Encalada*. But, formidable as she is in point of speed and armament, she can engage in battle at close range only, at the risk of destruction, owing to her lack of defensive plating. On the other hand, however, she is able to inflict an immense amount of damage upon slower ships of inferior armament. The want of armored ships will operate to the disadvantage of Japan for a time, but she has

already taken steps to supply the lack by placing orders for two battle-ships in England.

The Situation in Asia.

THE war between Japan and China, brought about by the Korean question, had long been anticipated. In fact, the rivalry between these two empires may be traced back to the early part of the Christian Era. As early as A. D. 200 Korea was conquered by the Japanese under the direct command of their Empress, Jingo. Korea was at the time a wealthy country, where agriculture, art, and industries were flourishing, where the making and decorating of pottery seems to have been discovered. Continually attacked on one side by Japan and on the other by China, the Koreans, though greatly inferior in numbers (twelve millions of inhabitants to Japan's thirty-eight millions, and China's four hundred and fifty millions), defended themselves with the greatest pluck and courage, and it was only after years of sanguinary wars that the two mighty empires at last crushed it. Korea, strange as it may seem, became a tributary state to both Japan and China. That is to say, she paid an annual tribute to both, but this tribute was never looked upon as binding Korea to either empire as a vassal. The Korean kings continued for centuries to govern this country independently of their neighbors, and the annual tribute they paid was considered as a war indemnity, in exchange for which Korea was granted certain commercial privileges. In 1876 Japan, liberal and progressive, renounced the annual tribute and signed with the king of Korea a treaty on the basis of equality and reciprocity, thus acknowledging Korea's absolute freedom and independence. On the other hand, the Summi Yamen, or Grand Council of the Chinese Empire, assured again and again the American and French ministers that Korea was an independent nation, governing itself as it liked, and that China had no desire whatever to interfere in Korean affairs. Believing these assertions, the United States, and later France, England, and Russia, followed Japan's example, and signed with Korea commercial treaties on the basis of equality. But immediately China, afraid to see civilization entering a state lying at her very doors, began to object, and to claim absolute suzerainty over it. Such a pretension could not possibly be accepted by the nations which had signed treaties with Korea. In order to emphasize their decision to look upon Korea as an independent state, they established legations and consulates in Seoul. Strange to say, China followed their example, and appointed a minister plenipotentiary, who took his rank among the members of the *corps diplomatique*. This one action alone, on the part of the Peking Cabinet, could be considered as an acknowledgment of Korea's independence. But the Chinese never gave up their pretension as the suzerain of Korea. They still consider the world as being but *one empire*, composed of China proper and the *outer barbarian states*—all tributary to China, whether they pay the tribute or not. The emperor, Son of Heaven, is supposed to have received from his father the dominion of the world.

Several revolutions having broken out of late in Korea, and the government of the king being too weak to deal with the rebels and to protect the foreigners, in spite of the two thousand soldiers, armed with modern weapons and commanded by two American officers, General Dyer and Colonel Nienstead, which composed the Seoul garrison, the Japanese landed some troops to protect their people. Korea had given that right to Japan by treaty, and it is only right, considering that thousands of Japanese live in Korea, and that they were in great danger of being killed. China immediately objected, and ordered Japan to withdraw her troops, claiming, as a suzerain, the right to re-establish order in the peninsula. Very rightly Japan answered that she could not recognize China's pretension, having signed a treaty with Korea, and considering that state as an independent nation. The Tokio government, however, expressed a desire to come to an understanding, and to act with China, so as to stop the rebellion and give to Korea a stronger government. The Chinese would not listen, and sent troops to dislodge the Japanese, who, of course, re-enforced their own force.

Japan is fighting in Asia the battle of civilization, and it is sincerely to be hoped that she will be victorious, though she will undoubtedly remain in Korea, as the English in Egypt, should she be allowed to gain there a foothold. Full

of confidence in her modern armaments, in the talent of her officers, and the efficient training of her soldiers, she is fighting with admirable courage. The friends of Japan, however, are very anxious for her. Unless she succeeds in giving her foe a crushing blow at the very start she runs many chances of being crushed. In a mountainous country like Korea, where field-guns will be rarely brought into action, and where there are no roads, modern tactics learned from the French and the Germans will not be of much use. Japan, it is true, has two hundred thousand well-armed and well-drilled soldiers, officered by men who know their business, the whole comparing well with any European army. The Chinese have hardly more than fifty thousand soldiers with modern arms, but these are magnificent, of experience, strength, and courage, and behind them are hundreds of thousands of fanatically courageous, though badly armed, Chinese soldiers. China can draw from her four hundred and fifty million inhabitants any number of men. The superior armament of the Japanese does not, indeed, assure their victory. In 1884, in the Tonkin war, the French, with a much superior armament, and in spite of the magnificent tactics of their chiefs, found it nearly impossible to whip the Chinese. They had often to retreat with great loss, and were never victorious without great struggles. At last they had to cease hostilities, holding Tonkin, it is true, but yet unable to obtain from China a war indemnity. The French army was composed of their foreign legions, all men having seen the fire in Africa and in Cochinchina, the officers being men of great experience.

So far the Japanese have had no experience whatever with modern weapons. The only advantage they have will be found in their well-organized services. Japan will be able, thanks to them, to provide her soldiers with ammunition and food while on march, and the Red Cross organization, which works admirably, will also be a great help. The Chinese have no such services, no ambulances to look after the wounded, no organization to feed and supply her soldiers.

As far as the two navies go, that of Japan, which is much superior in equipment, seems to have the advantage. She has magnificent torpedo and gun-boats, some of the finest cruisers in the world, one of them, the *Yoshino* (over twenty-three knots speed), being faster than the United States cruiser *New York*, but, unfortunately enough, she has but one modern iron-clad. In spite of the criticism made against the Chinese navy, I am convinced that it is very efficient and well commanded. Yet I doubt very much whether they have the necessary drilled crews. Their cruisers are inferior to Japan's, but her iron-clads greatly superior, if well manned.

But even if Japan should carry off a sweeping sea victory, and sink every Chinese man-of-war, she would still be unable to hurt China in any other way. Chinese cities of importance could not be taken, nor even bombarded, as they are never along the coast, but miles away, up a shallow river, entrance to which is well defended by fine forts and submarine torpedoes. The entrance to the Pei-Ho, the water-way leading to Tien-Tsin and Peking, is magnificently defended by the Taku forts, which thirty-five years ago repulsed the English fleet and were declared by the English and French officers to be "impregnable." They are now armed with heavy quick-firing guns, provided with electric search-lights, strategical lines of railroad, telegraph, etc. Even supposing that Japan should be able to destroy these forts, she could not send up the Pei-Ho even her smallest gun-boats, as at this time of the year the water is extremely low.

Russia, as I explained in a previous article, has much interest in the question, her great military seaport, Vladivostok, being situated but one hundred miles from Korea, on the very same coast. She has there ten magnificent men-of-war and at least forty thousand men. She has always been anxious to take the Korean seaport of Fusan, one of the finest in Asia, Vladivostok being too cold a headquarters. In winter the harbor is frozen hard and her men-of-war unable to go in or out. But the moment the Russians advance south Great Britain will take Port Hamilton, an island which commands the entrance to the Sea of Japan, and therefore the road to Vladivostok.

Our interests in Korea are extensive. There are there many American missions; the American Trading Company and other firms have much money engaged in business, and in late years many of our citizens have held important situations in Korea. General Charles W. LeGendre is vice-minister of the Home Department, Mr. Greenhouse legal adviser of the king, General Dyer and Colonel Nienstead at the

head of the army. It is to be regretted that our navy should be so weakly represented in that quarter. The sooner it is re-enforced the better.

A. B. DE GUERVILLE.
Late World's Fair Commissioner to Japan,
Korea, and China.

THE AMATEUR AFIELD

THE LAWN-TENNIS SEASON.



W. A. LARNED.

THE surprise of the early part of the lawn-tennis season was the severe defeat which Larned administered to Hovey in the Longwood tournament, July 28th. Hovey was a decided favorite in the match, but the ease with which the Cornell player carried off the victory was very discouraging to the supporters of the Massachusetts player. Hovey himself was considerably disappointed, because he had already won twice the cup offered at Longwood, and needed only this year's victory to make it his permanent property. And yet the result should not have been entirely unexpected to those who have at all carefully followed Hovey's career in athletics. He has constantly and consistently shown that he cannot do his best at critical times. Hovey is now a veteran tennis player, and yet in the recent match with Larned he was as nervous as a school-boy playing in his first tournament. Throughout the match his strokes were uncertain, and he seemed totally unable to control his racket. In fact, the match was won by Larned not so much through his good playing as through Hovey's poor work. In practice Hovey would probably defeat Larned seven times out of ten; whether he would be able to do it in any subsequent tournament is a matter of some doubt.

Ever since he has taken part in athletics Hovey has shown this tendency to go to pieces just when his best efforts have been needed. In base-ball he never could be depended upon to make a hit when one was necessary to win the game, and his weakness in tennis, as was shown at Newport last summer when he allowed Wrenn to win the all-comers' tournament, although almost every one believed then, and still believes, that Hovey was by far the better player of the two. A certain amount of nervousness is a necessary qualification for all men who take part in athletics, but the successful runner or base-ball player or tennis expert must be able to forget his nerves as soon as the competition has actually begun. If a man is too stolid and lethargic he can never be at the top, nor can he be if he has no control over his nerves. Hovey must be put in the latter class.

Larned's victory has caused a great deal of doubt as to the outcome of the Newport tournament. Before the match at Longwood Hovey was undoubtedly the favorite for the championship of the country. In the first place, he had the sympathy of people because last year he lost the championship by what seemed to be only a piece of luck. Hobart, who has been generally regarded as Hovey's closest rival, has not been able to get into trim thus far this year, and Champion Wrenn has also been in poor form. Consequently Hovey seemed to have before him a comparatively easy course. But now Larned must be considered as a possible winner. He has greatly improved since last season, and seems to have much more confidence in himself and in his strokes. His style of play is unsurpassed in this country, and his recent victory over Hovey has helped him immensely by giving him just that prestige which every player so much desires.

The Longwood tournament was interesting for another reason; it gave a substantial basis for comparing the American and English tennis players of to-day. Mr. Goodbody, who was the representative of Ireland in this tournament, is

not, to be sure, one of the very best players on the other side of the water. There are probably to-day eight or nine men who can pretty generally defeat him in a match, but he is well toward the top. He and Larned, in the Longwood tournament, played a long and exhaustive match in which Goodbody won third and fourth sets after Larned seemed to have the match within his grasp. The fifth set was one of the longest of the season, and was finally won by Larned, 10 8. This narrow margin would seem to show that the best English players are considerably better than the leading men on this side. Statements to this effect have been made by Mr. R. D. Sears and other players who have been across the water, and apparently the Americans have not yet improved enough to be ranked as high as the Englishmen. And yet the verbal testimony of Goodbody is worth a great deal, and he said at Longwood that if he could play as good tennis as Larned had shown himself capable of he should not be afraid at any time to back himself in a match against the champion of England.

John D. Merrill

Cowes, Isle of Wight.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says that the Queen means society, or words to that effect. The Queen has her hot-weather castle, known as Osborne House, just back of West Cowes, so that the Isle of Wight itself, one of the most beautiful of England's resorts, has all the airs of royalty, particularly when her Majesty does visit the place; then there is a man-of-war and the royal yacht, too, in the harbor. Let it be understood that there are two Coweses, East and West, on either side of the Medina as it empties into Southampton Water. West Cowes takes on the greater importance because here is the headquarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron and their club-house in the West Cowes Castle, a circular tower like unto Hurst Castle, a relic of the days of Bluff King Hal, he the eighth of that name.

So far as Cowes itself is concerned it is a plain little English town with a look of Wapping about it. The streets are narrow and crooked, and the buildings unpretentious and devoid of interest. It is only an hour's sail across from Southampton. There are steamers half a dozen times each way during the day, so when the regatta week of the Royal Yacht Squadron, in August, comes around, thousands of visitors pour into the choky little place and transform it from its usual placid dullness to a state of excursionist excitement and hurly-burly. The landings are besieged by curious crowds to see the yachting celebrities come ashore, and there is Tommy Atkins and his best girl, and 'Arry and Polly, all out for a lark and a "bit of fun, ye know." And there is the everlasting negro minstrel, the like of which exists nowhere else, singing English topical songs and plantation ditties *à l'Anglais*. Not one of them ever saw a real negro in his life. From the Marine Parade and the Green, which slope down to the Solent, you can see the glistening cliffs of the main land only a few miles across the water. Regatta week they are the Mecca of all visitors.

Regatta week the harbor is crowded with all the yachts from the United Kingdom, and others from France, Germany, and all the Mediterranean countries. There is nothing equal to it anywhere. There is not a boat that can hoist a sail which does not try to be present to see the annual race for the Queen's Cup. This year all eyes in this country have been upon Cowes, as the scene of the *Vigilant* and *Britannia* races.

H. P. M.

Kindly Criticisms and Suggestions.

IN a recent issue we invited suggestions and criticisms from our readers as to the character and policy of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, in the hope that we might in this way ascertain more clearly just what is wanted by the general public in an illustrated newspaper. From the responses made to this invitation we give the following, as illustrating the diverse views which are held by persons of intelligence, as to what goes to make up a successful paper:

"CRESCO, IOWA, July 4th.

"EDITOR *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*:—On the whole we are well satisfied with your paper. The leading articles are very sound, and are read by all the family with profit. The illustrations are ahead of those of any other weekly. We used to take *Harper's*, but consider ourselves the gainers by the change. We do not care for those pictures which draw on the imagination

of the artist, and I am glad you do not use many such. We like portraits of notabilities, whether good or bad. That was a masterpiece of Carnot a few weeks since, as also some pictures of famous singers in times more remote. I do not see a portrait of *Hicks*, the St. Louis weather-prophet. He promised us three hail-storms this month, and we are burnt up with drought. We would like to see the man we are swearing at. We like to know what is going on in the rest of the world, and would not mind if you had two pages of foreign reproductions instead of one. Out West here the pictures of the baseball and rowing clubs are of little interest, but the majority of course have to be consulted in these matters. Very truly yours,

"GREGORY MARSHALL."

"GRAND ISLAND, NEBRASKA, July 19th.

"EDITOR *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*:—All matter appearing in the *WEEKLY* is of a high literary order, and editorially it ranks with the highest journals of the world.

"A brief sketch, with a half-tone plate, of some prominent public or business man might be a good feature; or possibly week about with some noted woman would prove more interesting.

"From an artistic standpoint there might be some improvement in the illustrations. The half-tones might be improved, but the general tone of the *WEEKLY* is greatly improved over former years. Success to the *WEEKLY*.

"Yours truly, MONROE TAYLOR."

[Mr. Taylor is editor of the *Pukwana*, a monthly magazine published at Grand Island.]

"18 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, July 23d.

"EDITOR *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*:—Acting upon your invitation in your last issue for suggestions looking toward the improvement in any way of your publication, I submit most respectfully the following suggestions for your consideration:

"First—Have the pages of your publication already cut, both the top and side.

"Second—Divide it in two departments, *i.e.*, American and foreign. Have the first half devoted to American illustrations, or, in other words, illustrations of American events. The second half for foreign events.

"Third—Instead of editorial comments on the most important events, have longer articles on the same.

"Fourth—Always illustrate the greatest events transpiring in this and the Old World whenever possible.

"Fifth—Retain the illustrator of 'The Lone Corvette.' He does first-class work.

"Sixth—After considering these points do as you please.

"Seventh—Act on the same principle which Pullman does—that is, run your own business. Yours truly, E. M. TERRY."

The Treatment of Rejected Manuscripts.

WHEN I first began work as an author I quite innocently believed, like so many young and inexperienced writers, that one of the chief ends of authorship—the sole aim, in fact—was to have one's articles accepted and published. I soon realized, however, the utter childishness, the absurdity of this idea. The chief end of a manuscript is, of course, its rejection. If a manuscript is not rejected it is because it is never heard from. If by chance it is heard from, it is not published until the author is dead; or, if it happens to be published before, it is not paid for.

These truths, so fundamental to successful authorship, were at first but dimly impressed on my mind. In those days I kept my rejected manuscripts in an old china cupboard, uncatalogued, uncared for, despised. I have even read of some aggressive young writers gravely elaborating plans for converting them into pads or pen-wipers. This, of course, is sacrilege.

It was only when I grasped firmly the cardinal principle that an article, like a carrier-pigeon, is valuable only in proportion to the certainty and swiftness of its home-coming, that I realized the absolute necessity of my present device.

This is merely a letter-file, index-drawer, cabinet, and card catalogue combined, as simple as it is effective. I arrange the manuscripts in the cabinet according to subjects—such as reviews, dramas, editorials, novels, essays, epics, jokes, histories, topics of the time, translations, scientific brochures, bric-à-brac, sermons, and sonnets. I file with each manuscript the kind letters of the editors, written or printed, that have accompanied it in its homeward flight.

The card catalogue is both complete and concise, referring to each article by title, subject matter, and first line, with cross references to every pseudonym used, and to the various

hieroglyphics left by the editor on the title-page.

A vexed question, much discussed by leading writers, is when it is best to withdraw a manuscript from circulation. Some authors adopt an artificial limit, say after twenty trips, but this is unscientific. Others stop when the manuscript becomes illegible, but this is not artistic. My own plan, adopted after much experience, is to estimate closely the value of the article were it accepted, and to withdraw it from circulation when the postage expended on its outgoing and incoming equals this estimated value. This is both logical and business-like.

Carpers may object that an article of high value, when written on thin paper, will become worn out before this postage-rule limit is reached. In answer to this, I may mention another of my useful devices. On my study table lie two simple instruments, a letter-press and a book-binder's edger or paper-cutter. The latter can be obtained second-hand at any printer's for the merely nominal sum of fifty or seventy-five dollars. In writing my article I leave wide margins on all sides. As the edges become ragged, or the creases too deep, I trim the manuscript in the edger, let it lie a day in the press, and send it forth as fresh as in the year when it was first mailed.

A more careful consideration of the rules and devices above would surely result in raising the art of writing almost to the dignity of a science. Indeed, I firmly believe that in time it might come to rival the science of autograph collecting.

HELEN FRANCES BATES.

Our Foreign Pictures.

THE Black Death continues its ravages at various points in China. At Hong-Kong it has proved especially fatal among Chinese of the coolie class, who live in the worst possible conditions. In the part of the city where the natives herd together, the victims of the plague, as described by one correspondent, "literally lie in heaps, with no apparent efforts from any quarter for their relief."

The repair of submarine cables requires a very considerable expenditure of enterprise and money. One foreign corporation, the Eastern Telegraph Company, maintains for this purpose a fleet of nine steamers, fully manned and equipped with the latest scientific appliances. Our illustration shows the arrangements of the *Electra*, one of the repairing vessels of the Eastern Company, for grappling a cable.

The earthquake shocks which recently visited Constantinople and the outlying districts were the severest and most destructive which have been felt for several years. More than one hundred and twenty people were killed by the first series of shocks, on July 11th, and on the following day additional shocks caused great destruction of property and additional loss of life. The seismic disturbances extended over a vast area, and several villages were wholly or partially destroyed. Our illustrations give an idea of the ruin wrought by the shocks.

Joys by the Spree.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

BERLIN, July 25th, 1894.

"WHAT extravagance and unusual splendor have these Berliners put in this house. In all my German experience, which extends over a number of years, I have but seldom found anything to equal this;" and wealthy Miss Courtney, of New York, surrounded by Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly, Director Burkhardt, and a number of American ladies and gentlemen, went on to explain to your correspondent her surprise and delight with the Palast Hotel, in whose magnificently-appointed dining-room we had been standing. "Why, look at that movable silver carving-table on wheels, with hot plates and steaming viands. The lithe and elastic garçon, and, oh! these tempting flowers and cookie pyramids;" and Miss Courtney's unmistakable delight was readable on every feature of her beautiful face. Just then a very suave, deferential gentleman bowed and saluted the party in fluent English. To my ocular query who it might be, Mr. Young, of Rochester, replied, *sotto voce*: "This is Mr. Trullsson, the irresistible manager. A man of unusual executive ability, and a very Lucullus in his dinners."

The Palast Hotel has been the rendezvous for Americans this summer. Every arriving steamer sends large contingents of its passengers to this elegant house, whose management is particularly fond of Uncle Sam's citizens. On the register I find among recent arrivals Mr. and Mrs. Parke, Mr. John Knief, Banker Wesendonk, Mr. and Mrs. Hicks, Mr. Jägerhuber and family, all of New York City; Mr. and Mrs. Rowland and children and servants from Philadelphia; Hecht and family, Caldwell Zimmerman and

party, all from Frisco; the Misses Dewey-Grey, Mr. McLloyd, and others from Boston, and a host from all over America.

Too much cannot be said of this beautiful house. Architecturally it is a lasting monument to the fame of Baurath Heim, who has built it, but it is also an honor to the city of Berlin, and certainly a pleasant resort for the traveler from across the seas.

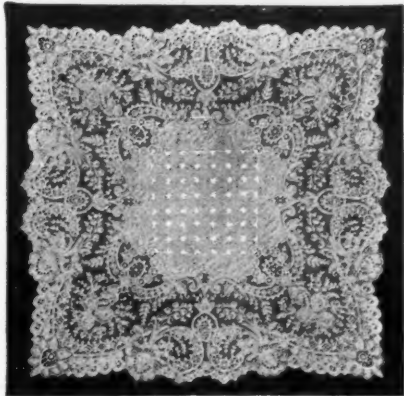
C. F. D.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM LOYD.

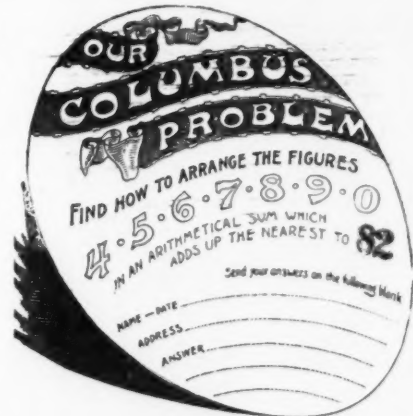
Our Lady's Kerchief.

A Marvelous Prize Puzzle.



WITH the point of a pencil, start from any one of the square cells between four stars, pass with one continuous line through all of the forty-nine squares, and back to the original cell. No one cell must be gone through oftener than another.

If that problem is too easy, here is a second one. Start with the point of a pencil from any one of the little stars, and, stepping from one to another, see in how few steps they can all be marked off, making the least possible number of angles. The sixty-four stars must all be passed over, but there is no restriction regarding going over some oftener than others. Five dollars is offered for the best answers to either of these propositions received before September 20th, and the lace kerchief, worth \$250, for a correct solution to both. Answers should be addressed to Samuel Loyd, Puzzle Editor, care of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, New York.



The above mathematical wonder is creating a furor among students and lovers of arithmetic. Like its famous companion-piece, the "14-15 puzzle," it is so easy that every one can do it, but somehow or other, they always forget the answer. In proof of which, ten dollars is offered for the best answer received.

The object is to arrange the figures, employing them all, in any arithmetical sum which will add up the nearest to 82. No signs or methods must be employed which imply multiplication, subtraction or division. The answer must be produced by one addition.

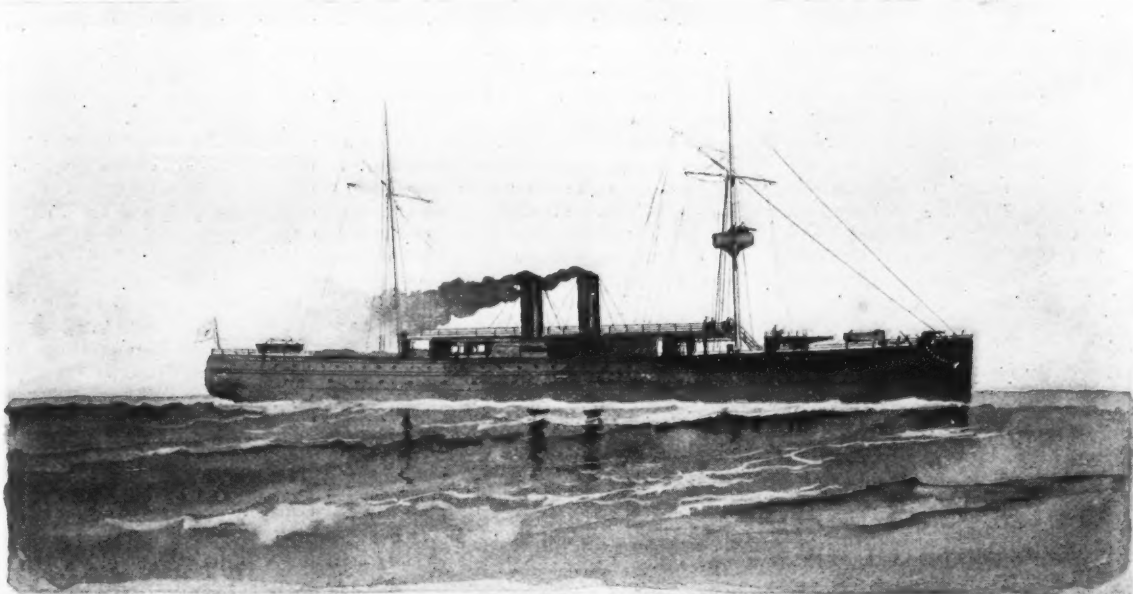
The author says he calls it the Columbus Problem, out of respect to the great navigator, who made some pertinent remarks about how easy it is to stand eggs up on end after you have been shown how. In addition to other curious prize puzzles which are to follow, the famous "14-15 puzzle" will be given shortly with a liberal offer, to test the memory of those who have done it.

Do You Have Asthma?

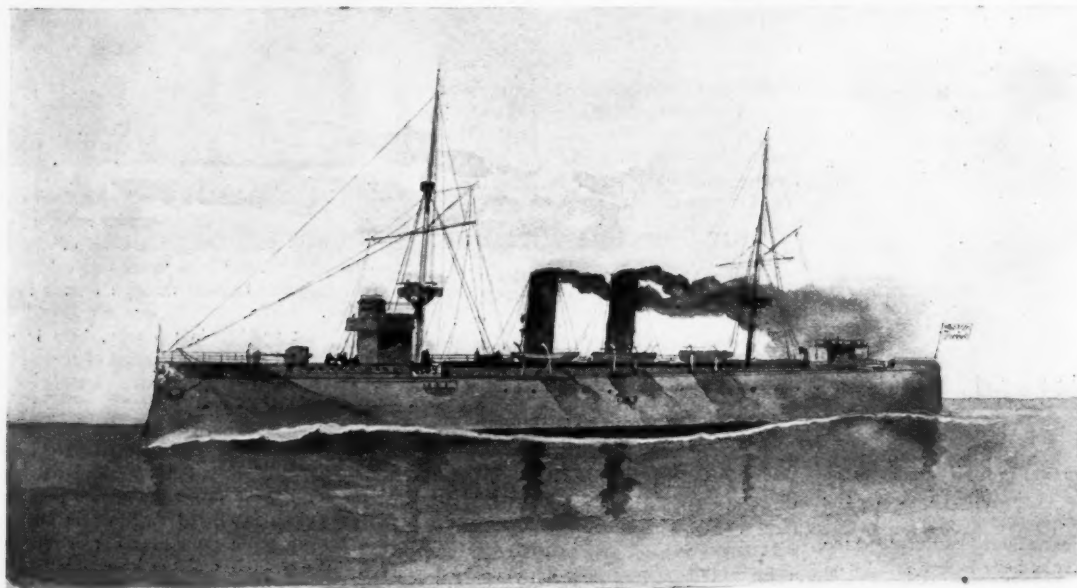
If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery that they are sending out free, by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from asthma who send their name and address on a postal-card. Write to them.*



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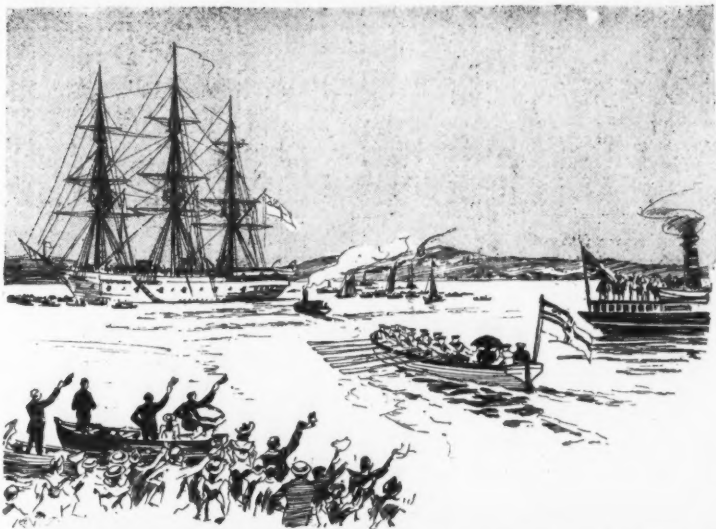
A CHINESE OFFICER.



THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.

THE WAR BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS BY F. B. SCHILL. — [SEE ARTICLES ON PAGE 108.]
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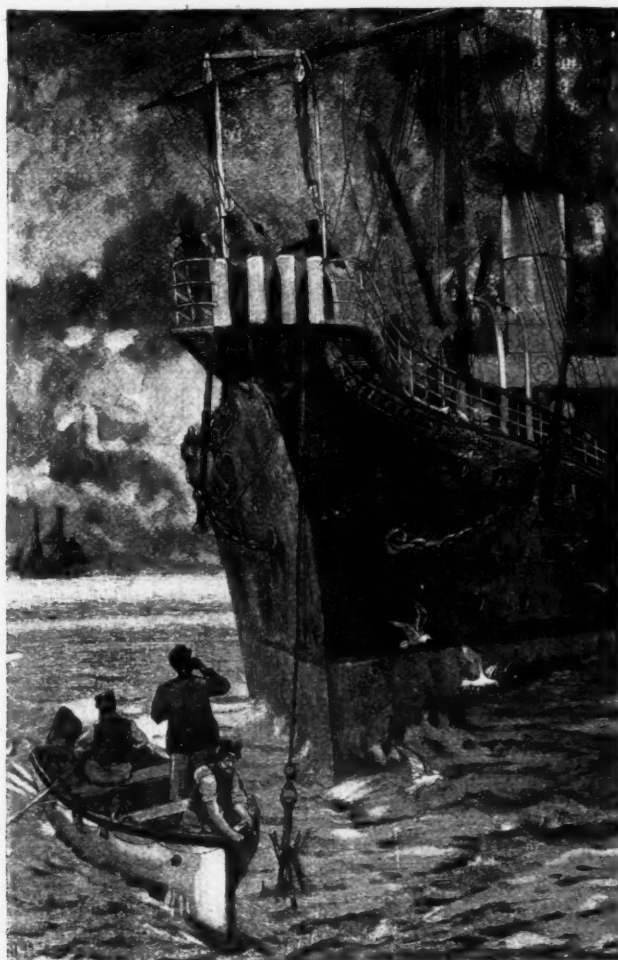
RECEPTION OF THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY AT CHRISTIANIA DURING HER NORWAY TOUR.—*London Daily Graphic*.



THE BLACK PLAGUE IN HONG-KONG, CHINA—SCENE IN A TEMPORARY HOSPITAL.—*London Graphic*.



FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY.—*Pall Mall Budget*.



SUBMARINE TELEGRAPHY—A STEAMER GRAPPLING FOR A CABLE.
London Graphic.



THE RECENT EARTHQUAKES IN CONSTANTINOPLE—CITIZENS ENCAMPED IN A PUBLIC GARDEN.—*L'Illustration*.



ASPECT OF THE RUE DE STAMBOUL AFTER THE RECENT EARTHQUAKES IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—*L'Illustration*.

Something about Hams.

HAM is a table delicacy or a coarse article of food, according to its method of preparation. This preparation not only involves the cooking, but goes very much further back and includes the feeding of the hogs from which the hams are taken, and then the curing and the keeping of the hams. The world at large has a higher regard for the Spanish and Westphalia hams than for any others, though both English and Irish hams are held in high esteem. It is likely, however, that in Great Britain more attention is given to curing bacon than hams, for the crisp rasher is inevitably present upon every generously supplied breakfast-table in the United Kingdom. America—and by America I mean the United States—produces more hams than any other country in the world, and the great bulk of these hams, judged by the standard of the gourmet, is pretty bad. The hams are bad according to this cultivated taste because, in the first instance, the hogs are improperly fed, and in the second place, the hams are improperly cured. It may be that the ordinary American ham of commerce is as good as it can be made to be considering how rapid is the process employed in Chicago and the other great Western cities.

But there are hams made in the United States of a quality so excellent that they compare favorably with the best that are cured in Spain, and to an extent partake of the nature which has so long recommended the Castilian article. These hams are cured in Virginia and Kentucky, and some other parts of the country, but the supply is limited, not being equal by any means to the demand. Indeed, nine-tenths of these hams are cured and kept for home consumption, and he is a favored friend to whom the smoke-house of a Virginia or Kentucky farmer is opened. Any one of delicate palate who has eaten a Spanish ham has detected and enjoyed a delightful nutty flavor to the meat. This flavor is due to the fact that the hogs have run in a half-wild condition in the forests, and have subsisted mainly on nuts. And the hogs in Kentucky and Virginia reserved for home use and not for market are treated in a like manner, and in these hams we detect that flavor of nuts—a game flavor it might be called with entire propriety. In Virginia there is one packer of hams who uses the old domestic method that his father and grandfather used before him, and he attempts to supply in a measure the excess of demand. I allude to Mr. E. M. Todd, of Smithfield, Virginia. He has kindly given me a description of the Todd method of curing. But he supplemented this with the statement that the hams of hogs fattened as they are in the West, on corn alone, even though cured in his way, would not compare with his product or that of his neighbors. There is little doubt, however, that the hams of even Western hogs would be improved by using this method, though they remained inferior to those from the forest and sometimes despised razor-back of the Southern forests. This is the Todd method:

First—The hams are placed in a large tray of fine Liverpool salt (Ashton's salt is to be preferred), then the flesh surface is sprinkled with finely-ground crude saltpetre until the hams are as white as though covered by a moderate frost—or say use three to four pounds of the powdered saltpetre to the thousand pounds of the green hams.

Second—After applying the saltpetre immediately salt with the Liverpool fine salt (Ashton's), covering well the entire surface. Now pack the hams in bulk, but not in piles more than three feet high. In ordinary weather the hams should remain thus for three days.

Third—Then break bulk and re-salt with the fine salt. The hams, thus salted and re-salted, should now remain in salt in bulk one day for each and every pound each ham weighs—that is, a ten-pound ham should remain ten days, and in such proportion of time for larger and smaller sizes.

Fourth—Next you wash with tepid water until the hams are thoroughly cleaned, and after partially drying rub the entire surface with finely-ground black pepper.

Fifth—Now the hams should be hung in the smoke-house, and this important operation begun. The smoking should be very gradually and slowly done, lasting thirty to forty days.

Sixth—After the hams are cured and smoked they should be re-peppered to guard against vermin, and then bagged. These hams improve with age, and the Todd hams are in perfection when one year old.

Now, this seems a great deal of trouble to go to in curing a ham. And so it is, but the result fully justifies all the pains that have been taken. Those who have an idea that to fry and to broil are the only proper methods of cooking a ham would never have the proper appreciation of this product of Virginia skill and inherited carefulness. To be sure, a good ham is a good ham, and not to be despised when prop-

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erly fried or broiled; but a good ham only displays its merits in the fullness of their goodness when boiled and permitted to get entirely cold before being touched with the knife. But there are few cooks who know how to boil a ham properly. They do not, as a rule, boil it enough, and then the cooking is usually too rapidly done. The result of these mistakes is that the meat is both tough and unwholesome. Though it may sound paradoxical to say so, a boiled ham should not be boiled, but allowed to simmer on the back of the stove for the better part of the day, and until it is tender. Then the skin should be carefully removed without taking off the fat, and the ham permitted to cool. When it has become cool the top should be sprinkled with cracker-dust, spice, and sugar, and the ham placed in the oven till the surface thus sprinkled has become brown. When the ham has become thoroughly cool it is ready to serve, and the carver who cuts the slices other than thin is very apt to lose the respect of the on-looking gourmet.

The demand for hams with this nut or game flavor has been, as has been said, much greater than the supply, and the price has naturally been high. It has seemed desirable to impart this flavor to other hams, and one enterprising packer in New York has succeeded in giving to his hams quite distinctly the flavor of the beech-nut, which, by the way, is the nut, together with acorns, that the Virginia and Kentucky hogs principally subsist upon when turned into the forests. This “beech-nut” process produces a ham which for frying or broiling is as good as any that can be made, and as there is no reason why the supply should be limited, this should be pleasing intelligence to very many people. PHILIP POINDEXTER.

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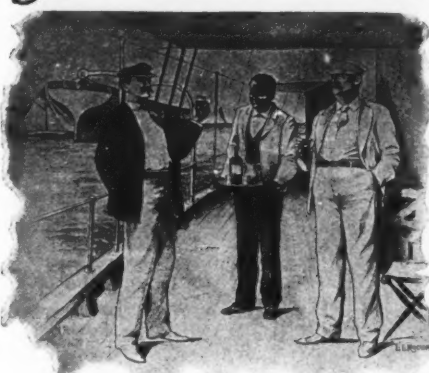
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